

STATE OF EUROPE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONDON, Friday, Nov. 16, 1855.

The financial position of France continues to give hope to the Republicans and uneasiness to the Imperialists, the Government and nation of England included. The last monthly return of the Bank of France, carried down to Nov. 8, shows in comparison with the previous month a decrease in the metallic reserves to the amount of 20,800,000 francs, and the fact that the notes in circulation have in the same time decreased by 35,500,000, though not unfavorable to the Bank, shows clearly the restriction of business, and consequence of which thousands of hands are constantly discharged from the manufacturing establishments. The singular operations of buying up gold in England, which have been conducted for the purpose of supporting the position of the Bank of France and assisting the Austrian Financial Minister in the founding of his projects for retrieving the credit of his country have now ceased for a while, especially since the Banks of England, Amsterdam and Prussia have increased their terms for the negotiation of mercantile paper; still it is asserted that notwithstanding their temporary cessation they will be renewed. "One of the worst features" of the Paris money, stock and share markets," says *The Observer*, a paper rather favorable to the Imperial Government in France, "is the heavy amount to be paid up on loans and shares for months to come. According to some statements these reach in gross the amount of more than 1,350,000,000 francs, or say in round numbers \$54,000,000 sterling, spread over months to come, at the calculated average of £3,000,000 per month. Now, considering that the monetary troubles are mainly the result of the speculation in stocks, railways and all possible variety of shares and schemes which have been raging in France for nearly two years past, it is natural to look with anxiety to the other, even graver elements of disturbance in France, from the failure of three successive vintages and two grain harvests. The cost of all sorts of grain now being to be imported to France, and of wines and spirits from Spain and elsewhere, cannot be calculated at less than £20,000,000 from this to next year."

The French crisis could not but react on England. While the discount is at 7 per cent, bread of second quality has risen to 10d. per 4 lbs. and best bread to 1s. the quarter loaf; sugar, bacon and pork, candles and soap are all rising in price, and though the money market is not disturbed, the lower classes are in great distress, and at Manchester we have the first symptoms of a strike.

The Governors of the Bank had on Wednesday an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Downing street, and as there is a strong agitation against Sir Robert Peel's Currency bill—it was rumored that the Government have intimated an intention to authorize the Bank to increase the notes they are allowed to issue on securities, beyond the present total of 14,000,000. Still *The Times*'s reporter of the money market assures us that the Government did not go so far, and only intimated that whenever it may be thought desirable the subject may be taken into consideration.

The schemes of Baron Brück, the Austrian Minister of Finance, have so far scarcely met with the sympathy of the financial world. The Bank shares have positively declined since the unfunded debt of the State to the Bank has been funded by a transfer of the crown domain, and the premium on silver ranges between fourteen and fifteen per cent. Spain, unable to extricate herself from her financial difficulties, has had to reinstate the excise duties in all the towns of the country. Turkey and Russia feel the pressure of the war most heavily. Prussia, of the great Powers, and Belgium, Holland and Germany, are the only countries in Europe whose finances are now in a healthy condition.

The official report of Gen. Williams on the battle of Kars, on the 29th of September, sheds additional glory on the heroism of the Turkish garrison and the energy of Gen. Kinty, the gallant Hungarian hero. The dispatch is written in a clear and graphic style, far superior to the miserable reports of the late Lord Raglan and his successor, Gen. Simpson. It is evident that the importance of the action was at first underrated by Lord Redcliffe, probably with design, that the glory of the storming of the Malakoff and Redan might not be eclipsed. It is now authentically established that the Russians lost more than 6,000 dead on the field, and that their total loss must have reached 18,000. Still, as the garrison had no cavalry, the horses having been partly devoured and partly destroyed by famine, the victory could not be pursued. According to the last Constantinople advices, a convoy of provisions and ammunition has since reached the invested fortress, and Gen. Muraviev has in consequence begun his retreat, which has been rendered more urgent by the advance of Omer Pasha into Imeritia. Emir Bey, the Naib or lieutenant of Shamyl, in the central mountains of Circassia, has likewise succeeded in intercepting a Russian convoy. Affairs have taken, on the whole, rather a serious turn in Asia, and the mountain tribes, which until now have remained neutral, being reassured as to the intentions of the Allies, are ready for a descent upon the Russians in the valleys of Mingrelia and Georgia.

A private telegraphic dispatch has been received at Paris, announcing a new victory of Omer Pasha over the Russians. The place where the Russians were defeated is not mentioned. The date is the 5th of November. The battle lasted five hours. The Russians were about 20,000 strong, and suffered considerable loss. The victorious army left the night and took the direction of Kutais. The Turkish successes, which the Allies in the Crimea remain inactive, cannot but confirm the opinion of the exiled French generals, that Marshal Pelissier is no great commander.

Advices from Hong-Kong mention the arrival of the Bremen brig *Gloria*, prize of her Majesty's steamer *Barracuda*, taken on the 1st of August in the Sea of Ochotsk, under American colors, and having on board 277 Russians, part of the crew of the Russian frigate *Diana*, wrecked on the coast of Japan.

Though the English papers have denounced the steady growth of the Russian Empire by conquest, and do not fail to accuse the United States Government of fostering a spirit of aggrandizement by annexation, it is coolly announced that the great Kingdom of Oude, and probably the Territory of Nizam also, are to be annexed to the possessions of the East India Company—of course only for the interest, though not at all with the consent, of the inhabitants.

The Vienna, and still more the Berlin papers are filled with speculations about the speedy renewal of the peace conference. The organs of the French and English Governments, on the other

hand, most openly declare that there are no foundations for such rumors which still continue to spread in Europe. The *Constitutionnel* had lately an elaborate article to this effect, in which the next campaign was mentioned, and the important accessions to the Western Alliance, alluding to Portugal, Spain, and eventually Sweden. Under such circumstances Lord Palmerston also found it advisable to sound the war-trumpet at the Lord Mayor's dinner, on Friday last, in the following words:

"Never did a nation present a nobler spectacle to the world than the British nation at this moment. We have entered upon a great contest, not rashly or hastily, nor with levity, but upon full and mature deliberation [hear, hear]. We have entered into that contest because we felt that the war was necessary as well as just [cheers]; and this nation, evincing from one end of the country to the other, a steady, a calm and a deliberate determination to submit to every sacrifice which the war may entail, to show itself equal to every exertion or emergency which the war may require, and to exhibit a constancy in the carrying out of its policy to which every exertion and every sacrifice, until peace is obtained on conditions which we are entitled to demand [enthusiastic cheers]. We have present upon this occasion the representatives of those three allies with whom we are bound in the enterprise we have undertaken. We have at this board the Ambassador of the Emperor of the French [loud cheers]—but I do not speak of him in the justice and honor to say, by the magnanimity of his mind, by the far-seeing policy which it directs, by the honesty and single-mindedness of his policy [cheers]; he has cemented a union between two nations which long have been divided, and has opened the way to a full reconciliation, and to the peace which the world will, from this period, in the words of my noble friend, the ambassador of the French, 'forever continue to be intimate and confiding friends' [loud cheers]. We have at this board the representative of the Sultan, in whose cause we have thrown ourselves with all our strength, and who has nobly shown that they were worthy of the assistance we have given them. We have also the representative of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, whose character as a sovereign, and the character of whose people, excites our warmest sympathy, and whose arm, and whose good faith inspires our most implicit confidence. Well, gentlemen, I trust these representatives of our allies, let them go where they will, through the length and breadth of the land, they will see nothing and hear nothing that will not entitle them to report to their respective sovereigns that, while we play most implicit confidence and reliance in the constancy with which they will support us, that they may rely with equally implicit confidence upon the full determination of the people of this great country to prosecute the war [hear, hear]. And no man can doubt of the fact that the four Powers are engaged in a contest which will end with a full reconciliation, and to the peace which the world will, from this period, in the words of my noble friend, the ambassador of the French, 'forever continue to be intimate and confiding friends' [loud cheers]. We have at this board the representative of the Sultan, in whose cause we have thrown ourselves with all our strength, and who has nobly shown that they were worthy of the assistance we have given them. We have also the representative of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, whose character as a sovereign, and the character of whose people, excites our warmest sympathy, and whose arm, and whose good faith inspires our most implicit confidence. Well, gentlemen, I trust these representatives of our allies, let them go where they will, through the length and breadth of the land, they will see nothing and hear nothing that will not entitle them to report to their respective sovereigns that, while we play most implicit confidence and reliance in the constancy with which they will support us, that they may rely with equally implicit confidence upon the full determination of the people of this great country to prosecute the war [hear, hear]. And no man can doubt of the fact that the four Powers are engaged in a contest which will end with a full reconciliation, and to the peace which the world will, from this period, in the words of my noble friend, the ambassador of the French, 'forever continue to be intimate and confiding friends' [loud cheers]."

The Neapolitan difficulties, which all the official papers of Europe have repeatedly reported as settled, though we have often pointed to their increasing importance, have entered upon a new phase. M. de la Cour, the Ambassador of Napoleon—a regular flunkey, originally Lamartine's Ambassador at Vienna, where he always pointed to ingratiate himself with the absolutist Powers—has been recalled for his want of energy. M. Brenner replacing him, with instructions to bully King Bomba. De la Cour, in the firm belief that his master's rebuke to Lucien Murat was meant in earnest, endeavored to smooth down the difficulties between Napoleon and King Bomba. His recall embitters the quarrel, which cannot fail to lead to a popular outbreak either in Sicily or Naples. The Austrian Government, dreading an explosion in Italy, has sent the brother-in-law of the King, Archduke Albrecht, Governor-General of Hungary, to Naples in order to induce the brutal King to yield to France. It remains to be seen whether the obstinacy of King Bomba can be overcome by the representations of the Austrian Archduke, who himself is not just of the most amiable temper. Archduke Maximilian, who met with a serious accident at Trieste, is recovering. Signor Mazza, the late obnoxious Police Director of Naples—whose insolence to ward Mr. Fagan, the Secretary of the British Legation, gave rise to the present difficulties, and whose removal was insisted upon by the English Government—was lately said to have departed from Naples and gone to Spain; but now we see from the *Giornale del Regno delle due Sicilie* of the 4th of November, that Signor Mazza has been appointed Counsellor of the Consulta del Regno, retaining his former rank and salary as Police Director. England is at present not in the mood to pocket such an insult from a second-rate Power, and since a portion of the Black Sea fleet is soon to leave the Euxine, where, after the destruction of the Russian fleet, its presence is less required, Naples may soon have an unpleasant visit. The only reason why it has been delayed so long is that the Allies do not wish to arrive with a force insufficient to control the storm they will raise, their great object being to confine the revolution within the dominions of King Bomba, and to prevent an explosion in the Papal States.

NATIONALITIES—VICE IN LONDON.

From Our Special Correspondent.

LONDON, Thursday, Nov. 15, 1855.

The paramount question for Europe at present is the question of nationalities. How far is it desirable to cherish declining nationalities? Such is the question which is knocking at the door of every thoughtful bosom. An almost universal indisposition exists toward the claims of actually lapsed nationalities—such as Italy, Hungary and Poland—and Mazzini and Kossuth appear to exert absolutely no influence beyond the handful of enthusiasts who are associated with them. The part of patriot has never been better played than by these men, as the frequent clappings of hands which they have elicited on all sides testify; but it is idle for men to talk of being patriots when their country is actually dead and buried. They are excellent disturbers of the existing political stagnation—these men, both of them—but as for their prospect of restoring Italy and Hungary to renewed national life, it is too childish to invite attention. Thoughtful men everywhere, in fact, are beginning to feel a deep distrust of all nationalities, as obstructing the march of human fellowship. It is becoming widely understood that it is the national spirit in politics, like the sectarian spirit in religion, which permits ambitious kings to exploit the people to their own bad profit; and that we shall never get rid of political and spiritual despotism until we shall have first got rid of our own paltry narrowness, or our lusts of selfish aggrandizement. When we all feel our brotherhood to be one of race, not of nation, wicked kings will no longer have power to stir up wars and hatreds among us. What antipathy, for example, is possible between the French and the English, but a national one? What necessity, so far as the actually human needs of any living Russian or Frenchman or Englishman are concerned, was there for these three to become embroiled in an odious and loathsome war? Absolutely none. Observe, for example, how for distinctively human needs, both the Englishman and Russian claim this Paris as their dearest cook-shop and larder, as the place where they have first found the commonplace satisfaction of the senses exalted into a science and an art, and consequently where they themselves have in many cases realized their only lift out of mere animal routine. Why do the Russian and the Englishman enjoy Paris and Naples so much more than St. Petersburg

and London? For the same reason precisely that the youth enjoys the company of neighboring youths and maidens, more than that of his own brothers and sisters: that is to say, because he thus realizes an enlargement of life, or an accession of freedom. The law of the paternal house is kindred, or the sentiment of kindred, a purely natural sentiment which antedates my reason, and binds me to its allegiance by the instinct of self-preservation as it were. My kin, or my brothers and sisters, as so to speak, a part of me—they are a portion of my natural individuality—so that to offer friendship to one's brother, or love to one's sister, is felt to be an outrage to the simplicity of nature, and is, indeed, tantamount to offering love and friendship to oneself. But the law of the neighbor's house is courtesy, which is spiritual kindness. Courtesy is the sentiment we entertain for those to whom we are spiritually rather than naturally akin—those to whom we stand related by our own personal action, rather than by natural appointment; and its advent accordingly marks an enlargement of our social experience, an expansion of our spiritual freedom. My neighbor's sons and daughters are not my natural kindred; my intercourse with them dates, therefore, more from my own private taste or sympathy, and less from the accident of birth, and so far reflects the law of spiritual life, which is freedom, rather than that of the natural life, which is necessity. Thus I easily find myself in spiritual relation with my neighbor's boys and girls, proffering friendship without stint to the former, and love without limit to the latter.

So fares it with the larger world. The Englishman hates the Frenchman rationally, or to the extent of his political tether; but he loves him humanly, or to all the extent of the social tether, because in intercourse with the Frenchman, or other foreigner, he realizes his own best development—his own truest spiritual enlargement. Man is created in the widest unity with his kind, of which unity these specific national diversities are only so many signs and illustrations. When once these diversities have become clearly evoked, therefore, and human unity stands ready to avouch itself eternally, the political and other machinery which has served for their evocation necessarily falls into disuse, or else becomes an actual nuisance, by hindering the fellowship it was destined to promote. All the European governments are now more or less in this predicament: they have all served their truly human purposes, and have no further legitimate business to transact on earth but to get themselves decently interred out of human sight. Yet they are themselves wholly ignorant of this obligation, and are moving heaven and earth for means to protract what too plainly appears a mere mendicant existence. When one considers the impediments which these governments place in the way of human fellowship, directly and indirectly, and furthermore the annual cost of their maintenance, the result seems incredible. The cost of civil government, including army and navy, but excluding the charges for the church and the national debt,—of the five leading European States, exceeds every year \$650,000,000. The civil list of England alone, her army and navy, and the interest of her debt annually eat up sixty millions of pounds sterling. Now, to the American understanding, all this amount of money very clearly belongs to the people, and it seems to me high time that they change their agents, or advertise to get their needful work done cheaper. When a private individual finds the agent whom he employs to collect and manage his revenues, growing fat and plump, while he, the principal, is running lean and unclad and unshod, he will, of course, unless he be a born fool, dismiss his agent and resume the care of his proper business himself. One cannot believe that the various European peoples will not soon do themselves similar justice at the expense of their rulers, civil and ecclesiastical. So far as I can discover, these rulers appear to fulfill no longer any imaginable human use. They burrow in the fat, or material plenty, which ought to cover the bones of the entire people; they absorb as much as their fearful porosity allows of the popular substance and power; and whenever the people in their penury menace them with a squeeze, they set up such a cry of sacrilege and robbery that you would really think the eternal sanctities of Heaven had been impelled. It is a stale trick, and few are deceived by it. So far as my acquaintance goes with scholars and men of thought on this side of the water, there is actually no belief either in Church or State, but only in the grand and lustful life of man which these things force tell. Every one believes in an advancing life of man—a life which shall intimately relate him to God—but absolutely no one that I know regards the existing organization of Church and State as otherwise than directly unfriendly to its development. Not that any man of thought looks upon this divine life as likely to be brought about by any improved civil and ecclesiastical organization merely. On the contrary, it appears to me that there is a deep-seated disbelief in all organizations which dominate the life, or which do not recognize an ever-living and therefore progressive spirit in man, and a consequent looking forward to a time when Church and State shall entirely disappear, as the mere fossil institutions which they now are, and become subordinated into the essential and indestructible life of man, being in fact identical with the spiritual and material interests of humanity. Church and State have had no divine functions than popularly to symbolize, and thus gradually to separate and evolve two distinct states of being for man, the first his state in relation to inward or spiritual and invisible things, the other his state in relation to outward or material and visible things. And as these two distinct states of being for man promise to become perfectly harmonized ere long in the advent of a complete scientific society or fellowship among men, so their respective symbols are of necessity growing pale and decrepit in human regard, and the best men in either interest are learning to prize only the great and substantial reality which they have both alike unwittingly promoted. The name of Socialist is not openly professed by any but Mr. Maurice, Mr. Kingsley, and others who call themselves "Christian Socialists"; but all good men are at heart burning Socialists, inasmuch as they all aspire with different degrees of light to the realization of a perfect human fellowship. The reasons obvious: because nothing short of such fellowship justifies those instincts of freedom wherewith God has charged and ennobled the human heart.

The drunkenness of London, I suspect, far transcends that of every other city. The gin-shops exceed, I am told, the aggregate of all other shops of every sort. And the hideous population which they nourish can only be imagined by those who have actually seen it. Women, it seems to me, are the chief victims. One sees more drunken women, especially at night, in London than you see elsewhere in all the earth. It is very much the fashion here to denounce the Maine Law as an interference with private rights; but I, for my part, believe in the supremacy of society—

that is, in its unquestionable right to interfere in the most summary manner with every form of private indulgence which impairs the public prosperity. Another deep stain upon the London streets is the enormous number of frail and futile women who are seeking to earn the unwomanly wages of shame. The number may not be actually so great here as it is in continental cities, where a legalized provision for them exists, but it is nevertheless deplorably great. The police, no doubt, are very efficient in restraining some of the outward inconveniences of the evil; but I cannot help feeling that there ought to be Christian charity enough in this huge city to take these poor, fluttering moths, whom night's candle calls forth into the streets, to its bosom and reinstate them in womanly honor—as many as desire to be reinstated—by convincing them that their misfortune far outweighs their fault—unquestionably grave as this latter may be. The really faulty and irredeemable ones will be sure to mock at such charity; the simply unfortunate cannot be hurt by it. It is not to be forgotten that a woman of this sort once bathed Christ's feet with her tears, and dried them with the hair of her head—so profound a penetration had been by that Divine love and discernment in Him, which went past the frivolous differences of outward seeming in men, and looked only to the deep heart of need, in which they were all one. I seldom walk the streets of these large capitals at night, unmindful of that sweet contrition, or without wondering whether the gorgeous churches one encounters are apt to send up from their showy altars any worship half so fragrant and melodious.

FRANCE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Thursday, Nov. 15, 1855.

The "preoccupations," as we French say, of the day is the ceremony of the closing of the Universal Exposition—perhaps, on the whole, as a mere spectacle the finest fête that has been seen in this city of fêtes for years. I do not speak of its moral bearing as an industrial display by virtue of that quality alone making itself unique, and surpassing in grandeur all fêtes of Eagles, and marriage ceremonies, and Royal receptions. Simply as a spectacle, there has been hardly anything to equal it—at least not in-door. Imagine first the grand proportions of the hall, then its decorations, the trophies of the world's best skill—prepared not by any ordinary or extraordinary scene-painters and machinists, but by the cunningest workmen in industrial art and the best inspired creators in fine arts. Then the assisting public; the Emperor and his house, and lesser "principalities and powers," and magistrates and men of war, all in costumes specially calculated for scenic effect; then, rising above them tier over tier, more than twenty thousand spectators, dressed in their Sunday's best—the men looking as ugly as possible in the ugliest of all possible habiliments, neither comfortable nor picturesque, to wit: black coats and white "chokers"—the women adding to and enhancing such beauty as kind nature has allotted them by the most graceful and richest extravagance of the modern female toilette—itself a striking instance of the almost creative power of industrial art. After this for the eye, conceive in your ears the music of Berlioz's orchestra, whose sweet tones relieve at intervals the duller solemnities of the occasion—120 violins, 50 alto, 40 violoncellos, 40 contrabasses and 35 harps, the accompaniment to a choir of 240 men, 220 women and 70 children. Imagine, conceive, mentally construct, calculate, guess at, divine, consider and ponder all this—read in "this connection," as the clergy say of obscure texts, as much of the details with which the newspapers will be tomorrow so full, as you can digest, and the chances are that your notions of the fête will not be more imperfect and incomplete than if I should endeavor to write down here a description of it. As convenient auxiliaries and stimulants to your imagination, I give you the 100,000 metres of green cloth which barely covers the ascending steps or degrees of the Amphitheatre; and the ten thousand metres of green carpeting that covers the scaffolding or stage beset by the constituted authorities of the State; and the twenty thousand metres of red velvet and the twenty-two thousand metres of crimson stuff consumed in decoration. I am aware that not all your readers will approve of these details as helps to the imagination. And therein lies the disadvantage of being correspondent of a paper with such an extravagantly long list of subscribers as appears on the books of *THE TRIBUNE*. In writing for 500,000 readers it is folly to hope to hit the taste of all; and if they will permit me, it is injurious for any 40,000 of them to quarrel with a corner of the Journal that may be relied by the odd ten thousand. Now, I said to myself, that so many as this last mentioned number—only one in fifty—might be helped on by these cloth measures. I have the fortune to know an ingenious clerkman who once reeled off a more than ordinarily interesting "sermon" of discourse on the text: "Golden bell and congregate, a golden bell and a pomegranate."

The Emperor's little speech, which is shrewd, able, and good so far as it goes, for his purposes, and a masterpiece of rhetoric in its kind, as all his speeches have been, (a complete collection of them, with contemporary history, giving a more correct and, I must confess it, a higher idea of the man than anything that has yet been written); and the Prince Napoleon's discourse, you will receive ready translated through your English correspondents. I should say here, in passing, that the Prince has shown himself more of a man than he was supposed to be, in the performance of his functions as head of the Exposition Committee. I do not mean at all to say that he has done so well in that respect as some of his countrymen, but he has greatly improved on his past reputation for worthlessness; he has really studied his duties, and latterly performed them passably well, and has always shown himself toward foreign exhibitors, the courteous and friendly Frenchman. I may well add in this place, that all foreign exhibitors, and none more than those from America, must admit, and should be free to acknowledge, the very liberal spirit with which they have been treated throughout by the Management of the Exposition. I am glad to know that a handsome acknowledgment, as many and self-respectful as it is courteous, has been made by the American Commissioners, in the form of a letter addressed by them to the Prince.

When the comparatively small number of American exhibitors is considered, I think that the list of prizes awarded to them, which will be found below, will be admitted by all but disappointed candidates for medals to be a testimony, equally satisfactory, of American inventive talent and of French liberality. I believe that no sensible man at all fitted by his information to judge of the case in hand, pretends that any great injustice has been done in the awards, nor that national vanity or national jealousy has had any undue influence. Even the English are mainly satisfied. Individuals grumble—they suffer in advance from the "odorous comparisons" they dread from an undisciplined public, who may say, "You were not elected, therefore you were rejected." This, however, is essentially a non sequitur; for the juries rejected no one and did not at all mean to say that their waning interest, for example, was not admirable when they decreed an honorable mention to Johnson's washing machine. The rank of the prizes is as follows: 1st, and fewest, are the grand medals of honor; 2d, and still sparsely given, are the medals of honor, which though allotted only to very high merit, do not indicate in the same degree as the preceding a great inventive talent or a

great service rendered to the cause of industry: 3rd, medals of the first class; 4th, medals of the second class; 5th, honorable mention. The number of these prizes, taken altogether, is about 12,000, or nearly half the number of exhibitors. It is to be marked by the way, although it does not affect American exhibitors to any extent, that certain of the high prizes are given to groups of products, and not to any individual producer. Not all the prizes are given out to day by the Emperor in person—only the grand medals, &c. The following list may not then be quite complete:

GRAND MEDALS OF HONOR.
McCormick—for his Reaping Machine.
Goodrich—for his India-rubber invention and application.
J. A. Pitts, Buffalo, N. Y.—Saw Cutter and Threshing Machine.

FIRST CLASS MEDALS.
D. King, Albany, N. Y.—Model of a River Steamer. Contributions from the Secretary of the Navy.
Colt, Hartford, Ct.—Revolvers.
Th. Baurhaud, Boston—Machinery for bending ship timbers.
E. Richmond, Boston—Machinery for cutting metals.
Brewer & Co., Lowell—Cotton Gages.
W. Seabrook, South Carolina—Rice Cotton.
W. Ladd & Co., Boston—Paw.
C. Mirmont, New York—Violins.
Singer & Co., New York—Sewing Machine.
M. Saut, New York—

SECOND CLASS MEDALS.
R. E. Elliott, South Carolina—Raw Cotton and Rice.
King, South Carolina—Raw Cotton.
Mittell, South Carolina—Raw Cotton.
G. Mather, New York—Violins.
Grover, Baker & Co., Boston—Sewing Machine.
J. Neimur, New York—Sewing Machine.
Whitely—Sewing Machine.
Fowler & Prentiss (practising in Paris)—Artificial Teeth.
Kingsley, Le Prince, Marcotte & Co., New York—Ornamental Buffs.
Biram Tucker, Boston—Marble-Pieces in artificial marble.
Z. Thompson, Vermont—Uncultivated Natural Products.

HAMILTON.
HONORABLE MENTIONS.
Manchester Paint Works, New-Hampshire.
Hotchiss.
J. Kinney, New York—Dentist's Instruments and Porcelain Teeth.
N. W. Kingsley, New York—Dentist's Instruments and Porcelain Teeth.
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dent's soldiery. These troops have a weather-beaten aspect, are roughly clad, and have a host of followers, mounted and on foot, of men, women, and children. I noticed that the officers were in the dress of ordinary militiamen or of citizens, and all of them were much worse clad than the meanest soldiers. There are to be no more military pomp and display of gold lace. All that has passed away with the prince of humbug, crime, and humbug, Santa Anna.

It will doubtless appear strange to you, but the troops of the South brought here by the President are considered by the common people of this city in the light of foreign troops. They look upon them as enemies. A word in respect to these plato troops may not be out of the way. Their aspect is sullen and fierce, with a tinge of melancholy, and were not their natural honesty and fidelity well known, their appearance would be more revolting at first sight. The word *pirote* means spotted or stained. There are various kinds of pinto. Those now here are of the general copper color of the Mexican Indians, their faces,